



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER LIBRARY



HX 5NRX 9

A Martyr  
of the  
Mohawk Valley  
and other Poems

Digitized by Google

P. J. COLEMAN

AS 1067.2.95



Harvard College Library

FROM

Col J. W. Higginson





©

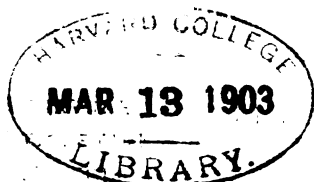
A MARTYR  
OF THE  
MOHAWK VALLEY  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
P. J. COLEMAN  
=

---

THE MESSENGER PRESS  
27 AND 29 WEST 16TH STREET  
NEW YORK  
1902.

AS 1067.2.95



Gift of

Col. T. W. Higginson.

---

COPYRIGHT, 1902.

BY THE MESSENGER

---

# CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
A Harp Æolian . . . . .	5
A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley . . . . .	6
The Rose . . . . .	15
To Joan in Heaven . . . . .	20
Shamrock Time . . . . .	26
The Mendicant . . . . .	29
The Dream of Colossus . . . . .	30
The Widow's Mite . . . . .	34
Joubert . . . . .	36
Off Picket . . . . .	39
A Spring-time Prayer . . . . .	40
The Madonna of the Angel . . . . .	41
Mustered Out . . . . .	45
To the Sea-wind . . . . .	47
The Sister of Charity . . . . .	49
The Paschal Joy . . . . .	52
In Memoriam—Sara Trainer Smith . . . . .	54
Fragment . . . . .	55
Afield . . . . .	56
Coeli Enarrant Gloriam Dei . . . . .	59
Noon . . . . .	60
Sunset . . . . .	61
Thermopylæ to Spion Kop . . . . .	62
The Rifles of DeWet . . . . .	63
The Cricket . . . . .	65
What Answer? . . . . .	66
Ghosts . . . . .	67
Hic Jacet . . . . .	68
Change . . . . .	69
The Festival of Blood . . . . .	70
Harvest Home . . . . .	72



	PAGE
Autumnal . . . . .	75
The Swallows . . . . .	78
Saint Nathy's Land . . . . .	80
Bethlehem . . . . .	82
Christ With Us . . . . .	83
Winter . . . . .	85
Love's Gift . . . . .	86
Adrift . . . . .	87
The Vespers of the Slain . . . . .	88
May Eve . . . . .	93
The Old Boreen . . . . .	97
Lullaby . . . . .	99
Brian Bwee . . . . .	100
The Dead Mother . . . . .	102
The Cry of the Gael . . . . .	104
The Dream-Tryst . . . . .	106
My Saint . . . . .	107
The Soldiers of the Celt . . . . .	109
The Test . . . . .	111
The Irish Brigade . . . . .	112
Rochambeau . . . . .	113
Gettysburg . . . . .	114
Potter's Field . . . . .	115
Inspiration . . . . .	116
Miriam . . . . .	117
Love's Sweet Petitioner . . . . .	118
Pan or Christ . . . . .	119
In Memoriam—Rev. Stephen Joseph Perry, S.J., F.R.S., F.R.A.S. . . . .	121
Ireland—1902 . . . . .	122
The Bridal of Michaelmas Eve . . . . .	124
Homeward . . . . .	129
Katherine Tegakwita—The Lily of the Mohawks . . . . .	132

### A HARP AEOLIAN.

Lord! let Thy spirit breathe on me,  
And I, a harp Aeolian,  
Shall murmur with the praise of Thee  
And hymn Thy mercies unto man.

Sweep Thou the chords of life and thrill  
With lauds of Thee my spirit's lute,  
To sing Thy love, to do Thy will;  
Or else let me be wholly mute!

## A MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

(FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S.J., THE MARTYR MISSIONARY  
OF THE MOHAWKS, SLAIN OCTOBER 18, 1646,  
AT THE INDIAN CASTLE OF OSSERNENON,  
NOW AURIESVILLE, ON THE MOHAWK.)

### I.

THE sunset dwindles in the darkening West,  
Empurpling shadows mantle hill and vale;  
A soft light haloes Ossernenon's crest,  
Where mounts the moonrise pale.

The land is lulled save for the night-owl's flight,  
The torrent moaning in the deep ravine,  
The multitudinous murmur of the night  
From grass and forest green.

The palisaded village lies in peace,  
The swarthy brave dreams not of war's alarms.  
When shall I taste, O Jesu! sweet surcease  
From sorrow in Thine arms?

When shall I find the solace that I seek?  
For howsoe'er the spirit, Lord, be fain  
To suffer for Thy sake, the flesh is weak  
And, shuddering, shrinks from pain.

II.

Thou knowest, Lord, I have not scorned to bear  
The bitter burden of Thy chastening cross,  
Nor shirked of all that men hold sweet and dear  
The sacrifice and loss :

Friends, fortune, fame, my country and my kin,  
Ambition's dream, the beckoning hopes of youth,  
To lead this nation from the night of sin  
To the bright morn of truth.

So sweet it is to suffer for Thy sake,  
So sweet to win one pagan soul to Thee,  
One bondsman's chains of ignorance to break,  
To set one captive free ;

To lead one sinner to salvation's goal,  
Tho' thrice ten thousand suffered sacrifice .  
Of life itself, of that one pagan soul  
It were not worth the price.

III.

For this I sought the savage Iroquois ;  
For, so we rest, O Lord of love, in Thee,  
Thy heart our home, Thy will our sovran law,  
What matter where we be ?

8     *A MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY*

For this I've borne the torture and the stake,  
Stripes, hunger, hardship, nakedness and shame,  
Rejoicing, Lord, to suffer for Thy sake  
And glorify Thy name.

Now, weak and worn, with torment torn and wreck'd,  
I hide within the shelter of Thine arm;  
For Thou art still more powerful to protect  
Than savage foes to harm.

Nay, in the Martyr's death I would rejoice,  
My blood to Thee, O Christ! would freely give,  
So these, the dusky children of my choice,  
To Thee in grace might live.

IV.

One golden day doth all my darkness pierce,  
One memory shineth starlike in my gloom—  
The fires were lit, the Mohawk warriors fierce  
Pronounced on us the doom.

My captive comrades clomb the torture-stage;  
They knelt to sate the captors' wrath in blood,  
One made a sign—an old man white with age—  
I saw and understood.

Beside him lay, to ease his hunger's pain,  
A stalk of maize; sparse dewdrops hung thereon—  
Bright gems wherewith to Thee from Satan's chain  
His ransomed soul I won.

I poured the dewdrops from my hollowed hand  
In rite baptismal on the Huron's head.  
First Saint and Martyr of this pagan land,  
His bright soul heavenward fled.

V.

The blood of martyrs is of faith the seed:  
We've ploughed in grief, and sown with sigh and  
tear—  
Lord, shall our Christian heroes vainly bleed,  
Nor any fruit appear?

My René perished at the fortress gate;  
The blow that felled him gave the martyr's crown.  
Three days I hid me from the warriors' hate,  
Then, darkling, left the town.

I laid him where the golden sunbeams slant  
'Twixt willow bough and slender maple stem;  
The torrent sings; the pines, in priestly chant,  
Entone his requiem.

The ground whereon he poured his precious veins  
 Not fruitless, aye, nor fallow, Lord, shall be;  
 Such field, made fertile by such heavenly rains,  
 Shall blossom yet for Thee.

VI.

Forbid us, Lord, to question or repine!  
 Some day, when all the destined days are run,  
 The world shall know Thy purpose all divine.  
 Thy will, not ours, be done!

If seeming failure wait upon our toil,  
 To sow the seed be ours the chosen hand;  
 In Thy good time along the teeming soil  
 The harvest ripe shall stand.

Poor race of men! All flesh, we know, is grass  
 That grows to fall beneath the sickle's stroke.  
 The dusky warrior of the wild shall pass  
 Like his own wigwam's smoke—

Shall vanish like the vision of a dream  
 And only leave a memory and name  
 Where yonder winds his paradisa! stream;  
 But Thou art aye the same.

VII.

The future dawns in glory on mine eyes—  
Tho' war shall waste and scorching vengeance scathe  
Yon holy hill, upon it shall arise  
Bright sanctuaries of faith.

Yea! for in vision I have seen it crowned  
With pillared domes and alabaster piles;  
And years unborn shall gird its holy ground  
With consecrated aisles.

When pensive twilight walks the valley sweet  
Where ringeth now the Indian's whoop and yell,  
Oft shall the bells of Angelus repeat  
The words of Gabriel.

Yea! for while yonder smiling river runs  
By bloody trails Thy martyrs' feet have trod,  
Thy children here shall chant their orisons  
To Thee, Eternal God!

VIII.

Lord! Thou art light in midnight's deepest dark,  
Refreshment cool in noonday's burning heat;  
Thou'rt with me in my lodge of birchen bark,  
And straightway pain grows sweet.



12    *A MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY*

We chased the deer when Autumn woods were red ;  
By flaming forests wound the tortuous trail ;  
At night I groaned upon my fevered bed ;  
My faith began to fail.

Sore throbbed my wounds ; the stars shone thick above,  
Like swarming fireflies in a field of maize.  
I felt the healing comfort of Thy love,  
And sang aloud Thy praise.

The warriors heard, they left the pipe and dance ;  
Like ghosts they gathered in the moonlight dim.  
They knelt, the while I saw Thee, Lord, in trance,  
And swelled the forest hymn.

IX.

Oft in the night when sings the whip-poor-will  
And far away the gray wolf 'gins to bark,  
Unseen I pass from Ossernenon's hill  
And gain the forest dark.

There at the cross within that dim retreat—  
The cross I carved upon the fragrant pine—  
With Christ, my King, I hold communion sweet  
In ecstasy divine.

Last night, methought I heard an angel choir,  
I faring home, sing o'er the hill in flight;  
And all its summit, lit with mystic fire,  
Shone lamplike in the night.

So may it in the golden years to be  
Amid a world of darkness brightly shine—  
A lamp to lead the hearts of men to Thee  
With light of faith divine!

X.

Yestreen the sachems murmured at debate;  
They railed at Christ, His cross, my country, France.  
The young men slew me with their eyes of hate,  
The maidens looked askance.

To-day they bade me to the fatal feast;  
Beside the threshold lurks the treacherous foe.  
Have mercy, Lord, upon Thy faithful priest!  
They call me, and I go.

Oh! is mine hour of manumission come?  
And shall I lean, like John, upon Thy breast?  
And wilt Thou call the weary captive home,  
Forevermore to rest?

14 *A MARTYR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY*

For their souls' sake I give my blood to Thee,  
Nor at the last forsake me, sweetest Friend!  
Into Thy hands, O Christ of Calvary!  
My spirit I commend.

## THE ROSE.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE, "THE LAST TOKEN," BY  
GABRIEL MAX.)

Glory and praise to Christ, our Sovran King!  
Emparadised with them that bear the palm,  
Before the Lord of Hosts I stand and sing  
For thee, Beloved mine, the victor's psalm.  
In watches of the night serene and calm  
Thou knowest not I visit thee in sleep,  
Thy spirit's wounds in popped peace to balm  
When slumber sealeth weary eyes that weep.

Sweet was our home by Almo's placid streams,  
Thrice sweet the love of plighted maid and youth,  
Twain hearts that ranged one realm of golden dreams,  
But sweeter, dearer far were Christ and truth.  
Dear was the dream, aye, beautiful in sooth,  
Of that glad day that was to crown me bride,  
Till came the Roman steeled to tears of ruth,  
And tore me thence, Beloved, from thy side.

But I rejoiced, albeit the pulse of life  
Ran virginal and rosy in my veins,  
Nor now for ever might I call me wife,  
And on my vision rose the martyr's pains.

But welcome were the dungeon and its chains  
For Him, who for our souls' redemption died.  
For what were life and all its joys and gains  
With treason to the Holy Crucified?

Before their priests and judges me they brought,  
And there with bribe and threat alternate strove  
From Peter's Christ to woo my virgin thought,  
With "Incense to Diana and to Jove"!  
I wavered when they spoke of wedded love,  
For all my spirit's tenderness to thee  
Ebb'd in full flood, but steadfast still above  
I fixed my faith on Christ of Calvary.

They flung me in the Mamertine. What then?  
Have shackles power o'er spirit? Can they bind  
The will, or earthward curb the souls of men?  
Or cramp the subtle, immaterial mind?  
Ah, no, for wild, and free as is the wind,  
Yea, fetterless as wings of sea-birds are  
Mine every thought, Beloved, fled to find  
Thee in thine olive-nestled home afar.

One trial more, most terrible and last,  
One test supreme and all was safely o'er.  
Me, in my purpose rooted firm and fast,  
The minions of the dread tribunal bore

To martyrdom. Beside the Tiber's shore,  
Within the bloody Circus me they cast.  
"The Christians to the lions"! roar on roar  
The tumult mounted, and we stood aghast.

Imperial sport! 'Neath night's empurpled dome,  
To glut them on her cruelty and shame,  
From all her hills earth's haughty mistress, Rome,  
Poured youth and sire, patrician, priest and dame.  
With jesting scorn and laughter loud they came;  
The dim arena echoed to their shout;  
While shuddering maidens at the stakes aflame  
Blazed all that angel-haunted gloom about.

From tier on tier out rang their rude applause  
To see the virgin victims of their hate  
Within the amphitheatre's bloody jaws.  
A fiercer howl of rage infuriate!  
The ravening lions bellowing at the gate!  
Then silence, and again that savage roar!  
The bolts are drawn—the lions leap to sate  
Their maddening hunger on the Christians' gore.

As one adream I heard the strident jar,  
The rattling bolt, the grating's iron clank,  
The sullen growl, the clash of brazen bar;  
Then, as against the wall aswoon I shrank

Beneath that host of faces rank on rank,  
Down like a dove, from thy dear hand, my sweet,  
From far above a red rose fluttering sank  
And lay, love's fragrant token, at my feet.

One lightning glance, one lingering look of love  
I flashed aloft and kissed thee over space;  
For there, Beloved, leaning from above,  
I glimpsed the pallid beauty of thy face.  
For thou hadst come unto the cruel place,  
Yea, followed me with tender love and true  
And flung thy rose before the populace,  
To prove thee Christ's, bathed in baptismal dew.

Then with a smile I rose and conquered death;  
The struggle's o'er, the conflict past and done.  
What matters now the lion's stifling breath?  
The palm's attained, the golden halo won.  
White-robed before the Father and the Son  
I stand amid the choirs of martyrdom,  
My love thy light on earth, beloved one!  
Till to the heavenly bridal thou shalt come.

In watches of the night serene and calm  
Thou knowest not I visit thee in sleep,  
Thy spirit's wounds with poppied peace to balm,  
When slumber seaeth weary eyes that weep.

Nor long hast thou earth's pilgrimage to keep;  
But when thy soul shall cleave the stellar fires,  
Oh, how my soul in ecstasy shall leap  
To bid thee welcome to the heavenly choirs!



## TO JOAN IN HEAVEN.

*And all the priests and friars in the realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.*

*No longer on St. Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.*

—SHAKESPEARE, Henry VI, Act I, Scene 6.

The lips that curse to-day the hero's fall  
To-morrow vote him laurels and applause;  
Impartial Time doth justice unto all,  
No blindfold goddess she, of erring laws.  
Four hundred years of slander shrink dismayed  
Beneath the shrivelling fervor of her glance,  
And lo! with praise of thee, O shepherd maid!  
Resound the stately sanctuaries of France.

For what is death, that men should fear to lose  
The labored drawing of a little breath?  
Or what is life, that coward men should choose  
Its lease of pain before heroic death?  
Thy country grovelled 'neath the tyrant's yoke,  
The Vision called, the Heavenly voices spoke,  
And faring forth without or doubt or pause  
'Twas thine to crown with victory her cause.

Yet, oh, 'twas sweet amid the morning dews  
To range a-forest with thy lambs and ewes;

To watch the punctual miracle of spring  
And all the mystery of the blossoming  
Of violets, and claim sweet sisterhood  
With finch and linnet and the winged brood  
Of tuneful things in old Domremy's wood;  
Or, when the wind, musician weird, awoke  
The peeling organs of the pine and oak,  
There, awed in trance of reverence, to hear  
The waft of angel pinions hovering near.  
And sweeter far were distaff to thy hand  
Than gauntlet or the grip of battle-brand,  
And homelier were the feel of woven stuff  
To thy soft breast than iron corselet rough.  
But oh, when Conscience like a clarion spoke,  
And on thy soul the voice of duty broke,  
Obedient, in meek, unquestioning faith,  
To rise and leave all these and march to death,  
This—surely this—were sweet for country's sake;  
Yea, welcome e'en the dungeon and the stake;  
Or through the fierce Gethsemane of fire  
To snatch the martyr's laurel from the pyre.  
But oh, to fall and have his country doubt  
His innocence; or, worse,  
When flash the flames, above his murderers' shout  
To catch his country's curse,  
This is the patriot's crowning pang,  
More poignant than the poisonous foeman's fang.

Yet not in vain

Didst thou the bitter dregs of anguish drain,  
And pledge to Christ and France thy virgin veins.  
Where now are grasping England's chains?  
No smallest link upon thy land remains;  
Gone with thy judges and thy murderers,  
And *they* were hers.

Yea, many a cause and many a leader since  
Have bowed the head to Death, the sov'reign prince.  
And where they rose shall others yet arise  
And with ephemeral fancies snare men's eyes  
And have their little day and pass again.

New hours demand new men,  
And wise is he indeed

Who sees and shapes new ends to meet new need.  
But all shall be as grass of yesterday,  
While France is greater far than they;  
And France remains and suppliant seeks thine aid,  
With hands outstretched to thee, O Martyr Maid!

For ancient feuds, old passions and old hates  
Watch at her walls and prowl about her gates.  
And deadlier foes and subtler shapes of sin  
Lurk at her hearth and plot her ruin within.  
Sons recreant, devising blight and curse,  
With wiles insidious would her heart divorce

From all that made her glorious and great  
And raised her to her proud estate—  
From truth and honor, and her wise belief  
In justice, of all virtues chief.  
For, walking humbly in the eyes of God,  
France aye held Empire's rod;  
And kneeling, reverent, at Our Lady's feet  
And drawing thence all heavenly virtue sweet,  
France aye has been the France of high renown,  
Sceptered with love and wearing honor's crown.

From that bright place of glory thou hast won,  
Rapt in the vision of the Sire and Son,  
In this dark hour that menaces thy land,  
Above her hearthstones stretch protecting hand!  
'Gainst impious men who forth from school and shrine  
Would scourge thy Christ and in the fields of France  
Would raze thy Christ's sweet empery divine,  
Oh, gird thee now with new deliverance!  
Thy virtues emulating and thy fame  
By hearths that burn with Chastity's pure flame,  
The maids and matrons of thy land beseech  
Thee o'er their homes thy shield of love to reach.  
For blest that land and armor'd against ill  
Where civic virtues wait on woman's will,  
Where reverent manhood worships wife or maid  
Queen-like in holy purity arrayed.

She, fenced around by chivalry, perchance  
May suffer, but she cannot suffer long,  
Nor, wronged, be victim of enduring wrong.

Such happy land is France.

And, lifting high truth's oriflamme, behold  
Her phalanx'd daughters, God-inspired, stand,  
As thou 'gainst tyrant England didst of old,  
To drive dishonor from their honored land.

And, patient long and kindling slow

To wrath, their hearts for Christ aglow,  
About His altars menaced by the law,  
At woman's 'hest her sons devoted draw.  
While these love virtue, oh, she cannot fall,  
Mother of Chivalry, beloved Gaul.

For not in spoil of sea or soil

Or ships on ocean waters

A nation thrives, but in the lives

Of noble sons and daughters.

While these shall last, in honor fast,

The happy land shall flourish ;

Nor foes prevail, but when they fail

Then laws and peoples perish.

But thou above thine ancient land

Wilt stretch in patronage thy hand.

For howso'er disguised in snowy fleece,

Christ's watchdogs lulling into perilous peace,

The wolves of Hell upon Christ's fold would prey,  
And shepherds false would lead astray  
Christ's lambs in error's devious way,  
The heart of France, as in her ardent youth,  
Throbs still for Christ and Truth.  
And from a thousand shrines thy people's love  
Like incense rises to thy feet above,  
Beseeching thee in humblest suppliance  
To ward from harm thy France.

Thy country's sin, the insult and the shame,  
The scaffold's doom, the faggot and the flame—  
All these shall pass and be remembered not;  
Fair Charity with kindly tears shall blot  
From France's shield the black, corroding stain,  
Caught from thy blood, O Lily of Lorraine!  
Thy land, so fair, of life shall be bereft  
Nor smallest trace be left  
To after years to tell  
That Freedom once had here her choicest citadel;  
The hero's heart shall lose its thirst for fame  
And truth be dead and virtue but a name,  
Ere men shall cease to honor thee who gave  
To France, to Liberty, to Truth—  
In battle's bloodiest breaches undismayed,  
'Neath insult meek, in persecution brave—  
Thy love, thy life, thy stainless youth,  
O Virgin, Patriot and Martyr Maid!

## SHAMROCK TIME.

'Tis shamrock time, and the wild, wise swallow  
Pursues the Summer on eager wing.  
Now April woos them, and all things follow,  
Take flight and follow the feet of Spring.  
But we, in stranger lands sojourning,  
Like fledglings far from their forest nest,  
Are filled with mourning and wild heart-yearning  
To the soft green isle of the golden west.  
Oh, my heart doth follow  
The sweet spring swallow,  
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,  
Where the shamrock's springing,  
The thrush is singing  
His song of spring in my Irish home.

Earth's deep heart answers to-day with laughter,  
But we, we only, nor laugh nor smile;  
For we are fain to follow after  
The wild wind winging unto our isle.  
To-day down many a leafy alley  
The whitethorn blossom is odorous;  
O'er many a violet-purple valley  
The lark is singing, but not for us.  
And my heart doth follow  
The sweet spring swallow,

As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,  
Where the shamrock's springing,  
The thrush is singing  
His song of Spring in my Irish home.

"Oh! fair," ye say, "was the land our mother;"  
Her smile was sweet, but it was not ours;  
We sowed the vineyard and vale, another  
Sat as lord in her children's towers.  
Her love was mild, but another claimed it;  
They took the harvest, 'twas ours the toil;  
Her name was fair, but her foes defamed it;  
We ploughed, but a stranger held the soil.  
Yet my heart doth follow  
The sweet spring swallow,  
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,  
Where the shamrock's springing,  
The thrush is singing  
His song of spring in my Irish home.

Small share have we in the stranger's city,  
The scoff of scorn and the stony street,  
There's never a kindly glance of pity,  
Our tears embitter the bread we eat.  
We sing no song, but in dreams we follow,  
Take flight and follow, or bond or free,  
The seaward sweep of the wild, wise swallow,



The west wind winging to lands o'er sea.  
Oh, my heart doth follow  
The sweet spring swallow,  
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,  
Where the shamrock's springing,  
The thrush is singing  
The song of spring in my Irish home.

## THE MENDICANT.

I met Him to-day in the wintry street,  
The Christ on the cross who died,  
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,  
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,  
And I blindly thrust Him aside.

Had He only come with the crown of thorn  
And the nail-prints ruby-red;  
Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn  
Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn  
His piteous plea for bread.

But idly now and all in vain  
I grieve for the grace gone by,  
And muse, "Might He only come again  
I'd pity His plea and ease His pain  
And hearken unto His cry."

Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth  
The King in his robe and crown;  
But only the humble eye of faith  
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth  
In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw Him not in the mendicant  
And I heeded not His cry.  
Now Christ in His infinite mercy grant  
That the prayer I say in my day of want  
Be not in scorn put by.

## THE DREAM OF COLOSSUS.

*"The highest practical ideal was to work for the unity of the English-speaking race, in order that, being united, it might extend over all the world the beneficent influence which 'this best of races' . . . exercised for Justice, Liberty, and Peace among the inhabitants of this planet."*—WILLIAM T. STEAD ON CECIL JOHN RHODES.

*"The sacred duty of taking the responsibility of the still uncivilized parts of the world . . . Portugal, Persia, even Spain . . . and, of course, the whole of the South American Republics."*—CECIL JOHN RHODES.

This is the hymn of the English race, rising up from  
the reeking veldt;

Be mute and listen, ye peoples base—Frank and Teu-  
ton and Slav and Celt!

This is the song of jubilee, chanted loud on the fields  
of war:

"High Priests of the Most High God are we, anointed  
to bear the light afar

Of the star that shone over Bethlehem to hail the  
birth of the Prince of Peace,

Who healing had in His garment's hem and brought  
of suffering sweet surcease!

We will not falter nor flinch nor fail in the task God  
set to our mighty hands

Till the tongue of the English race prevail and our  
empire girdle the heathen lands;

Till the flag of Trade and the truce of Love shall link  
the nations of north and south,  
And Peace alight like a brooding dove and build her  
nest in the cannon's mouth."  
And the guns re-echo the impious strain, and the wail  
of the widow rises loud  
Where the veldt is red with the battle's rain, where the  
Tagal sleeps in his crimson shroud.  
But the patient God refrains to smite, tho' the lurid  
bolts of His anger glow  
To leap through the purple deeps of night and shrivel  
the race of man below.  
For new gods reign of a newer creed, and the image  
of Christ is in the dust,  
And they preach new gospels of gain and greed, and  
worship self with the rites of lust.  
And Gold is lord of the market-place, and Hate sits  
throned in the tyrant's heart,  
And Justice veileth her virgin face and shrinks  
abashed from the brawling mart.  
And Mercy hideth in fens and caves, and vultures of  
force and falsehood gnaw  
The bones that whiten on freemen's graves; for  
Wrong is master and Might is law.  
But ye who grovel in dust and raise your idols false  
in the street and mart,  
Go! preach your gospel of blood and lust to the sensu-  
alist's sordid heart!

---

Go forth in the cause of Bond and Stock; the weak  
despoil in the holy name  
Of the gentle Christ whom ye scourge and mock and  
nail each day to the cross of shame.  
Go! force your laws on the heathen blind in the name  
of Him whom your lives blaspheme!  
There are other Gods than your Saxon kind, there are  
other dreams than your Saxon dream.

What prize we to-day of passionate Greece? A marble  
torso, a temple's frieze.  
She sleeps with the dead, but her lightning soul out-  
leaps on the lips of Demosthenes.  
Who careth now for the kings she quelled? From the  
mind of man they are passed and gone,  
But the world's true heart is captive yet to the classic  
grace of her Parthenon.  
Rome's spectre flits with the past's pale ghosts, but  
her sun-like splendors ever shine  
And we catch the tramp of her haughty hosts in the  
golden thunder of Virgil's line.  
Her sceptre proud of the seas shall pass, her empire  
fade like a blown-out flame,  
And England's glory shrink at last to the single star of  
Shakespeare's name.  
And her Kings shall fail and the towers they pile to  
shrine their fame, and their names be hid

With the noteless monarchs who raised by Nile the  
empty pride of the pyramid.  
For the dead are dead and are soon forgot, but the  
great deed lives, and the hero's name  
And the poet's dream are the lamps of earth and star  
the dusk of the years with flame.

Blind, blind! for profit your souls who pawn, and over  
your lying ledgers gloze!  
Ye see not the miracle of the dawn, the Godhead hid  
in the heart of a rose.  
O prince of commerce! O consol-king! O dividend-  
despot! your pride shall pass  
When the Lord shall come to the harvesting, and flesh  
shall be to His scythe as grass.  
When the trump of doom to His threshing-floor bids  
the nations gather in shroud and sheet,  
And the winds of His wrath in judgment roar, to win-  
now the chaff from the golden wheat;  
Then, then, O then, shall the simple heart and the peas-  
ant's faith and the deed of love  
Outshine your trophies of mine and mart, as jewels set  
in God's crown above.

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

In princely pomp, with cold disdainful pride  
That scorned God's poor with loathing and with  
curse,  
The Publican unto the Temple hied  
And in God's treasure poured his golden purse.

One on the Temple's threshold begged for alms,  
With "O Rabboni! Pity me, I pray!"  
He heeded not, blind to the pleading palms,  
And hard of heart went proudly on his way.

But to the Temple came in lowly guise  
One who the Lord her length of days adored—  
A widow meek, who stood with downcast eyes  
And in God's name gave of her meager hoard.

"Mine offering poor deign, Master, to behold,  
Unworthy of Thy majesty divine!  
But, oh, were mine earth's jewels or its gold,  
How gladly, Lord! my love would make it thine!"

"Tho' scant my store, the poor of it partake;  
For Thee I give them of my humble fare.  
Tho' pinched my lot, yet Master, for Thy sake  
With them that thirst my water-cup I share!"

Then, lo! a voice from heaven that seemed to drift  
Whispered anear, "God's blessing on thy mite!  
'Tis love, not worth, that consecrates the gift  
And makes it precious in the Master's sight!"

"Since thou hast given unto God above,  
Thy guerdon shall be great a hundred-fold.  
The pittance, proffered in the name of Love,  
In His just scales, outweighs earth's pompous  
gold!"



## JOUBERT.

(MARCH 27, 1900.)

*"Felix opportunitate mortis."*

O patriot, happy in thine hour of death!  
Rest, richly laurelled from thy battles won,  
Who back to God hast given thy virile breath,  
Thy task achieved, thy work of warrior done!

Long hence when Honor calls her mighty roll  
Thine shall be Fame's imperishable wreath!  
Thy name shall burn, a star, upon her scroll,  
When red with rust thy sword shall sleep in sheath.

Rest heart heroic! Glory guards thy tomb  
By tears of love to Freedom consecrate,  
Ajax! who 'mid thy country's gathering gloom  
Didst brave the lightnings of the tyrant's hate!

Majuba lifts thy monument in air,  
For English eyes to mark the fatal day  
Writ red in blood, when in his craggy lair  
The lion of the Transvaal stood at bay.

Thy patriot prowess Eland's lake enshrines,  
Colenso, too, drenched with the battle's rain,  
Where Britain broke against thy burgher lines  
Till Tugela ran swollen with her slain.

But now the terror flames in farm and field,  
 The sword of rapine ravages thy plains.  
 Up, up! thy country calls on thee to shield  
 Her children from the foul invaders' chains.

Thou wilt not answer, tho' she shriek aloud  
 'Neath wrongs to make thy veins with lava surge;  
 Tho' over murdered Freedom's ghastly shroud  
 With broken heart she wails her bitter dirge.

Sleep on, sleep on! since thee no chains may curb,  
 Nor foe invade thy peace inviolate,  
 Nor tryant fret, nor bitter tears disturb  
 Of heroes weeping for their country's fate.

For blest is he whoso in honored grave,  
 In strenuous battle stricken for the right,  
 Escapes the lot ignoble of a slave  
 Nor feels the yoke of proud, usurping might.

Him, having done his manhood's knightly part,  
 Death cannot touch nor the oblivious years;  
 He lives forever in his country's heart  
 Crowned with the grateful tribute of her tears.

Thine are the laurels of Leonidas,  
 Of Tell and Emmet, Washington and Bruce;  
 Time shall not blight them till earth's tyrants pass,  
 And love shall link the lands in golden truce.

Thy deeds shall live, the nations' heritage,  
Wherever clanks a helot in his chain,  
Till Peace reborn in some Saturnian age  
Shall smile on Freedom's universal reign.

## OFF PICKET.

Hark! silver and shrilly the bugles have blown!

“Lights out!” is the warning; there’s peace in the  
camp.

The jungle is stilly, the lad is alone;

On picket till morning he sentries the swamp.

Youth, valor and beauty unite in his face,

His courage is steady, his heart it is pure.

Death waiteth on duty; he stands to his place;

His rifle is ready, his vigilance sure.

What sees he? His mother afar o’er the foam?

Or doth for a sister that dew dim his eye?

To these—and another—his heart has fled home;

She wept when he kissed her and whispered good-  
bye.

With her he is roaming in fancy again

Where blooms the blue aster and ripples the stream.

Ah, maid in the gloaming, thy tryst is in vain!

War bringeth disaster to many a dream.

What hides in the bushes? What lurks in the brake?

Death creeps through the thicket, the foeman is  
nigh!

His crimson blood gushes where hisses the snake;

The lad is off picket, his face to the sky.

## A SPRING-TIME PRAYER.

Once more upon the threshold of the year  
In virgin beauty May the maiden stands;  
We know her well—her blended smile and tear,  
Her girlish grace and blossom-laden hands.

Once more with dryad fingers she unseals  
The volumed sweetness of the reddening rose;  
Once more unto her whisper, as she steals  
By glade and glen, the daisy's eyes uncloze.

Again, released from fetters of the frost,  
In sylvan haunts the violet appears.  
I see it with a sense of something lost,  
A poignant sadness kindred unto tears.

The tender leaves the maple's height o'erspread;  
With skyward yearning bud and blossom grope.  
Where is my boyhood's keen, fresh joyance fled,  
My youth's pure aspiration and its hope?

The withered rose, if healthy at the root,  
Will wake again in spring's reviving rain,  
But once time blights the spirit's tender shoot  
No vernal magic bids it bloom again.

Lord, bring me back the spring-time of the soul,  
The pure fresh joyance of mine April prime,  
That so my life, like withered branch and bole,  
May take new leaf of love and hope sublime.

## THE MADONNA OF THE ANGEL.

### A FLORENTINE LEGEND.

"*Sempiterna laus sit Deo!* Praise eterne to God the Son!"

Sighed the young Bartolommeo as the golden eve came on.

All day long, with brush and pencil, lighted by a starry thought,

In the dim cathedral chancel at his easel had he wrought,

Till the gracious dream of beauty that had lain within his heart,

Imaged forth in loving duty, grew to life beneath his art.

And her vision'd form and feature from the glowing canvas smiled—

God's sole, sinless-hearted creature, holy Mary, undefiled.

But he fain would add new splendor, add new glory and new grace,

With a touch more true and tender, to the sweet Madonna face.

Therefore, ill at ease and weary, on his pallet down he lay,

Dreaming of the Virgin Mary, and he slept till dawn of day.

But a mystic glory kindles in the darkness of the  
night,  
And the mellow moonlight dwindles in the blinding  
burst of light.  
Arch and altar beam and brighten and a sudden splen-  
dor falls,  
As a meteor might lighten, o'er the sanctuary walls.  
And with radiant raiment streaming like a ruddy  
flame of gold  
O'er the artist softly dreaming stands an angel aure-  
oled.  
Like unto the sun his face is, o'er Our Lady's picture  
bent,  
As her nimbus'd hair he traces forth in colors heaven-  
blent.  
Fresh from gazing on the vision of her loveliness  
divine,  
Where in liliated fields Elysian at her feet the seraphs  
shine,  
There he paints in burning rapture Mary's majesty  
supreme  
That the dreamer fain would capture from the fervor  
of his dream;  
Bids the canvas bloom and burgeon, for the joy of  
mortal eyes,  
With the beauty of the Virgin—Mystic Rose of Para-  
dise.

But his face grows dim and dimmer and the light angelic wanes,  
As the gold dawn 'gins to glimmer on the blazoned chancel panes.

And the young Bartolommeo softly murmurs in his sleep:

"*Sempiterna laus sit Deo!*" And the morn doth upward leap.

Then he woke, and lo! the vision of the loveliness he dreamed,

Like an angel face Elysian, on the canvas o'er him gleamed.

And like unto one in trance he gazed upon the features faint

That had cheated well his fancy and he fondly fain would paint.

Humbly on his knees adoring knelt he at Our Lady's shrine,

All his soul enraptured poring on her majesty divine,  
All his heart in flame ascending to the smiling face above,

In its purity transcending human thought or human love.

Very sweet it was and tender, with a paradisal grace,  
And a most ecstatic splendor such as angel's hand might trace.



And it lights the dusky chancel in old Florence to this  
day,  
Painted of no earthly pencil. There the pilgrims come  
to pray,  
Bannered all in proud procession, with their canticles  
of love,  
Seeking Mary's intercession with her mighty Son  
above.  
For, as once at Cana's wedding wrought He wonders  
for her, still  
Through her hands His graces shedding, doth He love  
to do her will.  
And whoso in simple honor with a little child's delight  
Looks with reverence upon her findeth favor in His  
sight.

"*Sempiterna laus sit Deo!* Praise eterne to Mary's  
Son!"

Smiled the young Bartolommeo, when he saw his  
work well done.

## MUSTERED OUT.

Martial drum and thrilling fife  
Called them to the field of duty ;  
In their cheeks the rose of life  
Reddened in its April beauty.  
Rolled the volumed cheer along ;  
Flag and banner gaily flaunted ;  
Roaring street and shouting throng  
Hailed their hero hosts undaunted.

Glory beckoned down the years ;  
Hope was high and courage throbbing—  
Ah, the laughter quenched in tears,  
And the lips in secret sobbing !  
Ah, the lonely lives they left  
In the tumult of the city !  
Ah, the breaking hearts bereft  
Of their tenderness and pity !

Mother, listening for the drum  
That shall thunder his returning,  
Watch no more ! He will not come,  
Though thy heart be sore with yearning.  
Death hath dulled thy soldier's ears,  
Where the palm in verdure palls him,  
To the drip of falling tears  
And thy loving voice that calls him.

Winsome maiden, wan with wist,  
When the sunset shadows hover,  
Never at the twilight tryst  
Shalt thou meet again thy lover!  
Only in the night when streams  
Pearly moonlight on thy pillow,  
Will he come to thee in dreams  
From his grave beyond the billow.

Weeping widow, patient wife,  
Baby with thy loving prattle,  
He is mustered out of life,  
Done with bivouac and battle.  
Gallant husband, father fond,  
Him no more shall bugle rally;  
God hath beckoned him beyond  
War's red field and grief's dark valley.

Oh, may Peace, that on the blast  
Earthward spreads her angel pinion,  
Fix 'gainst vain ambition fast  
In our hearts love's sweet dominion!  
May she sheathe the sword in rust,  
Wreathe the cannon's mouth in roses,  
While our tears bedew the dust  
Where each hero heart reposes!

## TO THE SEA-WIND.

Wind! that from the golden orient, through the gates  
of morning wingest!

O'er the foam-flowered, green sea-meadows thou  
hast journeyed many a mile.

From my native Irish valley, oh! what is the news  
thou bringest?

For I know that thou hast lingered in mine own  
beloved Isle!

In the haunted hush of twilight, by the dim, dark-  
flowing river,

Does the thrush still warble darkling through the  
weird, enchanted hours?

In the fields, where with my comrades, oh! 'twere  
sweet to play forever!

Are there any wills as wayward, any hearts as hot  
as ours?

Has the heather, O my sea-wind! half the crimson of  
my childhood?

Does the sky-lark sing as madly as he used to sing  
of old?

Is the same soft hue of heaven on the blue-bells in the  
wildwood?

In the lake's long rippling shallows have the butter-  
cups such gold?

Are the hills as green as ever? Do the sunshine and  
the shadow

Chase each other, alternating, on the fields of golden  
corn?

Does the west-wind, as it used to, dance across the  
rippling meadow?

Do the fairies sport at sunset 'neath the lonely  
fairy-thorn?

And the gray old cloister corner, where the shamrock  
and the grasses

Softly fold my dear, dead mother, and the hush is  
very deep,

Surely thou hast heard God's angels singing there  
their requiem masses,

For the heart of kindred beauty 'neath the violets  
asleep?

Ah, the tears bedew mine eyelids and I cannot see for  
weeping,

For thou bringest me, O sea-wind! tender memories  
of home.

God be with the dear old country where the sainted  
dead are sleeping,

God be with the shamrock island far away across  
the foam!

## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Set her forth to the nation's ken, grimed with the  
cannon's breath,  
Her who went with the nation's men into the valley  
of death,  
Her who down to the smoke and guns went like the  
bride of Christ,  
Keeping there with the nation's sons Charity's holy  
tryst.

Saintly and sweet and fair to see, womanhood's  
queenliest queen,  
Crowned with the gems of purity, modest and mild of  
mien—  
Leaders and lords of the nation's ranks, men of the  
slaying sword,  
Have office and pay and the nation's thanks, but she  
hath never a word.

She who knelt in the battle's hell, calm 'mid the  
raging strife,  
Bending low where our heroes fell, stanching their  
ebbing life,  
Whispering texts of peace and love, comforting words  
of light,  
Pointing the way to heaven above to the spirit plumed  
for flight,

Ribbons and honors of senates and kings, medal and  
bar and cross,  
What are they all but worthless things? what are  
they all but dross?  
Time shall dim them and rust shall wear. She like  
an angel stands,  
The proudest badge that man could bear, the crucifix,  
in her hands.

They are sordid things that are bought and sold and  
measured by yard and scale,  
They are vulgar things that are weighed by gold and  
bartered at price and sale;  
Could love be had in the market place, then love were  
love no more,  
But a thing of traffic, the bargain base of chaffering  
shop and store.

God calleth a man His cause to aid in strenuous hours  
of need;  
The heart of the coward shrinks dismayed, but the  
hero's heart doth bleed.  
We give him a golden gaud for meed, or a star on  
his breast to shine;  
Does the medal repay the hero's deed? Nay, for the  
deed was divine.

Honor and truth are things above the value of  
merchandise;

Justice and mercy and faith and love, they cannot be  
bought for price.

Love giveth and seeketh no reward, it taketh no heed  
of loss—

She gave her love for the sake of the Lord who died  
for man on the Cross.

“An ye do it unto the least of these ye do it to Me,”  
He said,

And the maiden rose from her life of ease and went  
where the Master led.

Into the flame of the lurid guns hastened the bride of  
Christ,

Keeping there with the nation's sons Charity's noble  
tryst.

Set her forth to the nation's ken, grimed with the  
cannon's breath,

Her who went with the nation's men into the valley  
of death.

Leaders and lords have honors to wear—She like an  
angel stands,

The proudest badge that man could bear, the crucifix,  
in her hands.



## THE PASCHAL JOY.

From orient skies the sun of Easter flashes  
And lights the Cross on Calvary's summit dim.  
Put off, my soul, thy penitential ashes  
And join the Paschal hymn!

Melodious echoes of the sweet evangel  
Of man redeemed from death by Love, the King,  
Chanted of old by choiring saint and angel  
The winds of April bring.

"Awake! awake! The Crucified is risen!  
The darkness dies; the shades of sin depart.  
The Lord of Life hath vanquished Death's dark  
prison  
And broken Death's grim dart."

Exultant ocean with symphonic voices  
From all its deeps its diapason pours,  
And, organ-like, touched by the storm, rejoices  
Around earth's ransomed shores.

Awaking earth leans listening ear to capture  
That song sublime, and lo! in reddening rose  
And efflorescence manifold the rapture  
From her full heart o'erflows.

The hawthorn hears and like a timid vestal  
In bridal blossom veils her verdurous brow.  
The emulous orchard, rich in raiment festal,  
Bejewels every bough.

In reverence before its risen Master,  
Where censers smoke and perfumed vapor drifts,  
Its frosted vase of flawless alabaster  
The fragile lily lifts.

So may our prayers, like fragrant incense blending,  
Waft to His throne love's breath divinely sweet,  
And may our hearts, like lilies lowly bending,  
Find favor at His feet!

## IN MEMORIAM.

SARA TRAINER SMITH—DIED MAY 4, 1899.

Dead at the coming of the rose and leaf!  
Fled, and I have not any tears to weep!  
Why should we trouble her deep rest with grief,  
Since God hath given His beloved sleep?

Dead! and the days without her smile are dark!  
Fled, when the lilac branch was blossom-flushed!  
How can I list to any song of lark,  
Since her dear voice forevermore is hushed?

Hushed? Nay, it rises in sublimer strain,  
With sister saints who swell the joyous hymn,  
Where parting is not, neither grief nor pain,  
Nor any eyes with blinding tears are dim.

Her soul hath clomb God's starry ways aloft,  
But earth! of whose sweet flowers she was a part,  
Hide her dear dust in blossoms deep and soft,  
And fold her very gently to thy heart!

Take her, O flowers! who was of kindred birth;  
Ah! though she reigneth with the pure and just,  
Green be her grave in thy soft keeping, earth!  
And sweet with earliest roses be her dust!

### FRAGMENT.

Butterfly blown on the breeze,  
Brown bee robbing the roses,  
Little bird high in the trees,  
To me your beauty discloses  
More than the head or hand  
Hath power to understand,  
That only the heart can feel,  
But the tongue is vain to reveal.

Little star up in the sky,  
Little flower down on the sod,  
I love you because you cry  
To my listening heart of God.

## AFIELD.

Trouble hence and care begone!  
This rich hour I call mine own,  
Here where Nature's lips to man  
Murmur of the Maker's plan.

Want and woe their burdens lift,  
I am with my soul adrift  
Where the buccaneering bees  
Plunder my flow'r-argosies.

With her vague, illusive smile  
Down yon leafy forest aisle  
Spring allures me, gone ere seen,  
Vanishing in coverts green.

Tracing her in mead or lawn,  
Who the holy veil hath drawn  
From her sacred mysteries,  
Hid from sacrilegious eyes?

Of thy knowledge, say, my heart,  
By what thought-transcending art  
She fulfils her mighty task!  
Ah! 'tis vain to seek or ask.

Solve me in what magic crypt  
In old necromancy dipt,  
Do the craftsmen of the wold  
Forge the lily's crown of gold!

Of what mystic alchemy  
Comes the sweet anemone;  
How the spirits of the breeze  
Weave the wood's rich tapestries:

By what wisdom doth the flower  
Know its heaven-appointed hour,  
Wakes and wisely thrusteth up  
To the dew its dainty cup:

Working by what weird device  
Doth the bird, with instinct nice,  
Build such pensile house in air  
As is shrewdest man's despair.

Peace! to what a petty span  
Shrinks the straitened mind of man,  
Musing here, where Nature's law  
Worketh wondrous things of awe.

Sense or reason strive in vain  
These to compass or explain.  
Faith alone can here discern  
Wisdom, ancient and eterne.

Yea! the lowliest weeds declare,  
Trumpet-tongued, the sleepless care  
Of the Providence whose love  
Watches o'er us from above.

## COELI ENARRANT GLORIAM DEI.

As a chaste nun delectable,  
Who, keeping virgin vigils pale,  
Her beaded rosary doth tell  
Before the lonely chancel rail,  
In Thy vast heaven's templed gloom  
Kneels Night, the vestal, when the stars  
Their vesper lamps, O God, relume,  
Before Thy tabernacle bars.  
The bolts of darkness are withdrawn,  
The cloudy portals open fly;  
Thy sanctuary of the dawn  
Shines out resplendent in the sky.  
Then, beautiful and aureoled,  
Lo! Morning, Thine anointed priest,  
Flame-chasubled in red and gold,  
Ascends the altar of the East.  
The world in adoration kneels;  
Creation's heart in awe adores;  
The organ of the ocean peals  
Its solemn anthem on its shores.  
Men may blaspheme Thy hallowed Name;  
But, till the latest hour of time,  
Night shall Thy glory, God, proclaim,  
And Day, Thy majesty sublime.



## NOON.

Like one that at late revel hath caroused,  
Or of some popped cordial hath quaffed  
Soul-stupor strong, lethean slumber deep,  
Earth lies adream; so stilly is she drowsed,  
Methinks that she with hot lips, at one draught,  
Unto the dregs hath drained the cup of sleep.

With wailing drone the bees above her pass;  
The faint wind spills its vase of perfume sweet  
Filched from the rosy pleasantries of June.  
The garrulous cricket gossips in the grass,  
The chattering locust chirrups of the heat,  
But all so soft they will not break her swoon.

## SUNSET.

Where day and night wed in the west, behold  
What city sparkles 'mid a sea of gold,  
Where no wind wafteth sails of any ships,  
And no keel comes, nor any sea-bird dips!

Thus often we, with prescient eyes of faith,  
Have golden glimpses past the bourne of death,  
Where on the shore of time's remotest sea  
Sparkle the turrets of eternity.

## THERMOPYLÆ TO SPION KOP.

A voice of thunder o'er the echoing years!  
Thermopylæ to Spion Kop—a voice  
Wherein, meseems, clang battle shields and spears,  
Bronze trumpets peal and laurelled ranks rejoice:  
"We are immortal in the mouths of men;  
With reeking slaughter smoked my purple pass  
When Sparta's lions held their bloody den  
And Persia's dead lay thick as scythéd grass.  
With rite heroic late I saw thee steam,  
When on thy crags thy sons embattled stood;  
An altar thou of sacrifice supreme,  
For sweet to Freedom smells the patriot's blood."

A chant of joy across the gulf of time!  
Hark, Marathon to Modder calleth out—  
A chant wherein blend victor-hymns sublime  
With pæan shrill and host's exultant shout:  
"On glory's page our names are blazoned red,  
Time shall not blot them nor the hand of fate,  
In blood baptismal of our happy dead  
Alike to love and Freedom consecrate.  
We breathe our inspiration on the brave,  
The weak from us shall gather hope divine,  
And tyrants curse us, for the patriot's grave  
Is Freedom's holiest citadel and shrine."

## THE RIFLES OF DE WET.

To saddle, boys! The Saxons come  
With screeching fife and rolling drum.  
They're in the pass: now Hans, my son,  
Let speak yon captured British gun!  
It roars! O heaven, what a voice  
To make the burgher's heart rejoice!  
Again, again! Now, boot and spur,  
God speed thee, gallant Kitchener!  
Hurrah, hurrah! De Wet! De Wet!  
We'll pay them back our country's debt.  
The gold hussar  
He flies afar  
When ring the rifles of De Wet.

French guards the ford; his squadrons bright  
Shall sup with us in camp to-night.  
Knox rides our trail; ere rise of moon  
We'll have them, lancer and dragoon.  
Our saddle bags are choked with cheer  
For Gordon bold and grenadier.  
His heart is large—bless Johann Bull  
Who keeps our commissary full!  
Hurrah for freedom's friend, De Wet!  
Their robber raids the foe regret  
When on them dash  
With rifles' flash  
The thunderous horsemen of De Wet!

Tho' Cronje in his island cage  
Consumes his heart in silent rage;  
Tho' gone is great Mareuil the brave  
And gallant Joubert's in his grave,  
De Wet is in the saddle still,  
His burghers ride by kop and hill,  
And many a Rooinek shall fall  
Ere thou shalt perish, my Transvaal!  
Hurrah, hurrah! De Wet! De Wet!  
Where now is Britain's bayonet?  
The kilted Gael  
He well may quail  
When ring the rifles of De Wet!

In Bloemfontein the foe encamp,  
In Kimberley his chargers champ,  
Pretoria is in his power,  
His lion ramps o'er roof and tower,  
But while remains one kop or crag  
To lift aloft our country's flag  
Ringed round with scorching rifle flame,  
Their hireling hosts we'll put to shame.  
Hurrah for freedom's Knight, De Wet!  
The vultures of the veldt may whet  
Their bloody beaks  
On Biggar's peaks  
When ring the rifles of De Wet!

## THE CRICKET.

Blithe minstrel at the door of June,  
On golden hinges swung ajar,  
That pipest there thy vesper tune  
Beneath the moon and evening star!  
When into darkness melts the light,  
And sweetest throats of song are mute,  
'Tis chirrup! chirrup! all the night,  
Upon thy fairy-fingered lute.

When morning's torch illumes the dark,  
And dewdrops fill the violet's cup,  
The silver-throated thrush and lark  
God's matin-hymn of praise take up.  
But when is lulled the woodland choir  
And drowzy bats begin to flit,  
'Tis then upon thine elfin lyre,  
Gay troubadour! thou twangest it.

Sing cheerily, O blithe of heart!  
Pipe on thy message unto man!  
The humblest life hath some due part  
To play in God's allotted plan.  
Some chant His glory thunder-loud,  
Some breathe it in a whisper small,  
But high or humble, poor or proud,  
He heedeth all and needeth all.

### WHAT ANSWER?

A million plumes are tossing in the grass,  
The dandelions lift their shields of gold;  
Is it the fairy chivalry that pass  
To tourney with the spirits of the wold?

Nay, each within himself the answer hath,  
And reads the riddle as his mood may chance.  
One paces, purblind, in a barren path,  
One finds th' enchanted meadows of romance.

## GHOSTS.

Loud o'er the sough of the sea  
And the sigh and sob of the rain.  
The wind, like a ghost  
Or a soul that is lost,  
Wails at the window-pane.

Loud o'er life's care and fret,  
The past to the present calls,  
And the hot tears rise  
To memory's eyes,  
As she walks in its haunted halls.

Ah, the dreams and hopes that died!  
And the wistful eyes that weep!  
Ah, the ghosts that start  
From the grave of the heart  
In the silent hour of sleep.



## HIC JACET.

Upon a stone with lichens gray,  
    'Mid mossy marbles of the dead,  
A wild rose weeps itself away  
    In crimson tears and kisses red.

The beech upon it rains in gold ;  
    A brier wantons over it,  
And some old sculptor-hand hath scroll'd  
    Its brief *Hic Jacet*, quaintly writ.

But if or beauty, age or youth  
    Be pillowed in the green below ;  
Or heart of hope, or tongue of truth,  
    Or babe or bride, we may not know.

Or if in life's allotted span,  
    Who slumbers here knew aught of love,  
That, hopeless, wastes the heart of man ;  
    Or felt the gnawing pain thereof ;

What stern caprice of circumstance  
    O'ertook him, or what fate befell ;  
What lifting wave of lucky chance,  
    Two words alone remain to tell.

For run as will our round of years,  
    In shine or shadow, peace or strife ;  
Let laughter be our lot, or tears,  
    *Hic Jacet* is the sum of life.

### CHANGE.

To-night the sea intones a sullen dirge,  
    Wringing white hands of foam o'er wasted ships;  
Another moon, in sportive mood its surge  
    Will laugh and sing like any lover's lips.

To-night, o'er wrecks of ruined hopes, thy voice  
    Takes on a mourner's tone, O sobbing heart!  
To-morrow thou 'lt forget it and rejoice.  
    Through storm and calm most like the sea thou art!

# THE FESTIVAL OF BLOOD,

October 18th.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER ISAAC  
JOGUES, S. J.

Where stole the Indian's swift canoe,  
Of old along the Mohawk's stream,  
'Neath sad October's skies of blue  
The heights of Ossernenon dream.

The purple pageant of the field,  
The scarlet pomp of vale and wood,  
Recall the saints to Christ who sealed  
The land in crimson of their blood.

God's heroes here, unknown to fame,  
Reaped harvests rich of savage souls;  
They died 'neath tomahawk and flame,  
And won the martyrs' aureoles.

For Christ they spurned earth's golden dross,  
Earth's honors and its empty gain;  
For Christ they bore the bitter cross  
And clomb His Golgotha of pain.

In deeds, by hands of angels scrolled,  
Their glorious chronicle is writ,  
Where Autumn leaves have hid in gold  
The footprints of the Jesuit.

Still memories of Isaac haunt  
The forest, vocal of his fame;  
The rapids of the river chant,  
The ripples murmur René's name.

And, in the twilight of the year,  
When Autumn leaves are sere and shed,  
The sumachs and the maples wear  
The martyrs' livery of red.

The soft breeze swings above the sod  
The perfumed censers of the pine;  
The tapers of the golden-rod  
Are kindled in their forest-shrine.

Its miserere moans the wind,  
And sacerdotal glade and wood  
In chasubles incarnadined  
Observe their festival of blood.

## HARVEST HOME.

When boughs are burdened with fruitage ripe  
And vines are red on the village eaves,  
On cart and wain comes the garnered grain  
From tilths ateem with their golden sheaves.  
Then at the door of the granary-floor  
The children peer, where the threshers pant  
In a swinking row, with cheeks aglow,  
As they swing their flails with a merry chant.  
For it's high and low  
The flails, they go,  
Sifting the grain from the empty husk,  
With rhythmic beat  
On the yellow wheat,  
Till glow the lamps in the golden dusk.

Oh, glad to the heart of the harvester  
Is the gift divine of the kingly corn;  
With prayer and hopes, on the barren slopes  
He sowed the seed, when the spring was born.  
God sent it dew and sun and it grew,  
More precious by far than minted ore;  
Its furrows above larks sang of love,  
But now it lies on the threshing-floor.  
And it's ho! they pant  
To the rhythmic chant

Of flails that winnow the worthless chaff.  
    When hearths are bright  
    In the winter's night,  
At their laden tables it's loud they'll laugh.

The noon was hot, when the reapers went  
    To gather it under the scorching sun;  
To sickle and hook fell sheaf and stook,  
    But now they're merry, for work is done.  
With brows of bronze the hamlet's sons  
    Laughing around the wagon come,  
And red-cheeked girls with opulent curls,  
    Singing their happy harvest-home.  
    And it's oh, ho! ho!  
    The flails, they go,  
Sifting the grain from the empty husk,  
    With rhythmic beat  
    On the yellow wheat,  
Till glow the lamps in the golden dusk.

What nights shall be in the winter time,  
    When apples splutter upon the hearth,  
And the purple juice of the vat runs loose  
    On lips that echo to jovial mirth!  
Oh, a royal thing is the crown of a king,  
    And a scepter, they say, is a sign of worth;  
For their boasts a fig! the hands that dig

And delve are the hands that rule the earth.  
And it's ho! they pant  
To the rhythmic chant  
Of flails that winnow the worthless chaff.  
When hearths are bright  
In the winter's night,  
At their teeming tables it's loud they'll laugh.

## AUTUMNAL.

The year hath reached its vesper hour, and soon  
Shall mourn our Northland orphan'd of her flowers,  
And all the spendthrift opulence of June  
Be as a memory of dreaming hours.  
For all things pass; joy's rosy hour is brief,  
And youth and beauty wither like the leaf.

Cathedral-like, yon gorgeous forest gleams  
With Gothic glories; credulous fancy paints—  
As in a chancel where the sunset streams  
Through blazonry of gold and crimson saints—  
Tall windows bright with shapes of Paradise  
And martyrs raimented in rainbow dyes.

What artist ever blended tones so rich,  
What minster walls e'er bore such heavenly tints  
As these from palette faëry with which  
Her flaming frescoes wizard Autumn prints  
On sylvan wall and foliage-woven ceil  
And vaulted boughs of ruby and vermeil?

Beyond its threshold, lo! what vistas dim  
Of slender shaft and shadowy colonnade!  
What daedal floors that show 'twixt columns slim  
Mosaics quaint inwrought of sun and shade!  
And acolyte-like, at its golden porch  
One frost-touched maple lifts a flaming torch.



With reverent feet we win its sacred peace;  
The heart forgets its suffering and pain.  
Here comfort dwells and bids old sorrow cease;  
The oak sheds healing and the beeches rain  
A druid balm, a dryad influence,  
In benediction on the soul and sense.

'Tis holy ground, for here may naught more rude  
Than robin's rapture break the brooding calm.  
And hark! how softly on the solitude  
Swellleth the chant of nature's evening psalm,  
As in a church, when twilight gowned in gray  
Steals forth amid its glimmering aisles to pray.

And as a vestal at a lighted shrine,  
Or maiden meek on meditative knees,  
That museth on some mystery divine  
Of white thoughts weaving love's dear rosaries,  
So, nun-like, from the leaf-engoldened sod  
The gentian lifts its sweet blue eyes to God.

And if sad Autumn hath no choristers,  
No fluting thrush nor mellow-throated lark,  
The cricket and cicada shrill are hers—  
Blithe minstrels of the waning days—and, hark!  
What piping Pan woos music from the mere  
Where in the wind the tall reeds rustle sere!

But holier and more solemn harmonies  
Are hers when peal her forest organs strong,  
And, touched by tempest, all her deep-voiced trees  
Exult in pæans of majestic song :  
When smites the storm his thunderous harp and flings  
Joy's diapason from his shuddering strings.

But ah, too soon, shall Winter with chill breath  
Quench all her lights—snow-bearded sacristan.  
Yet beautiful is Autumn in her death  
And sweet the message that she hath for man :  
E'en so to live that God, when life shall cease,  
May find us full of beauty and of peace.

O grant us, Lord ! that, as the dying year  
Spring's resurrection sees beyond the gloom,  
We, too, shall lay us down upon the bier,  
Glimpsing beyond the portals of the tomb  
The resurrection and the blossoming  
That 'wait us in Thy love's eternal spring.

## THE SWALLOWS.

When nips the frost and falls the leaf  
And forest paths are deep in gold ;  
When light grows briefer and more brief  
And in the barn is housed the sheaf ;  
'Tis then the swallows from the cold  
Prepare to seek a sunnier clime  
Where blooms the palm, untouched by rime.

They leave behind the northern land  
Where Ceres counts her golden sheaves ;  
On plumes that southern winds have fanned,  
For Carib isle and coral strand  
They gather from our village eaves,  
And, led divinely, win their home  
Where purple seas of summer foam.

We, too, have seasons ; smiles and grief  
Alternate rule us, pleasure flies,  
Joy, like the rose of June, is brief  
And crumbles earthward leaf by leaf,  
And lonely 'neath life's autumn skies  
We stand and watch with aching heart  
Our wingèd hopes and dreams depart.

'Tis Heaven that sends our days of rime,  
For, chastened by the things of earth,  
The soul recalls its native clime  
And soars on wings of faith sublime  
Back to the country of its birth,  
Where, done with exile, fain 'twould rest,  
Among the gardens of the Blest.

The paths of pain that we pursue  
Are dark, but if we trust God's love,  
As swallows to their instincts true  
Sail the illimitable blue,  
We'll win at length the land above,  
Where the sweet springs of Mercy rise  
Amid the palms of Paradise.

## SAINT NATHY'S LAND.

Saint Nathy's land is far across the sea,  
An old gray land of murmuring lakes and streams.  
No more, no more, Saint Nathy's land for me,  
Save when I find it in the hour of dreams.

That sainted land I loved in days of old,  
Its windy woods, its meadows sweet and green;  
The gorse that lit its fields with fairy gold,  
Its hills empurpled with the heather's sheen.

How often there, in childhood's April hours,  
Where on its green hill stood the convent gray,  
Like angel voices chanting in its towers,  
I heard the sweet bells call the town to pray!

How oft I listened to Glen Arlar's thrush,  
In careless joy untroubled by a tear;  
When happy fairies haunted every bush,  
And to the boy's heart heaven seemed very near!

Kind folk were there, the simple and the true,  
Large-hearted welcome, hospitable mirth;  
Ah, many a heart sleeps under Irish dew  
Since I for exile left my father's hearth.

The sunset fades along Saint Patrick's towers,  
December's dusk empurples square and street;  
Afar, afar from old Saint Nathy's bowers  
I range them yet in fancy's musing sweet.

But oh, when March winds wake the marigold,  
How joyous 'twere to roam by Nathy's streams;  
And oh, to be the blithe-heart boy of old,  
Ere life brought disillusion of my dreams!

## BETHLEHEM.

What have we here? A manger, cold and bleak,  
A new-born child, a gray-beard artisan,  
Dumb oxen and a village maiden meek.  
But Heaven's High King breathes in the flesh of  
man,  
And the great Mind that made the stars and skies  
Looks from the wonder of a baby's eyes.

The hand that out of chaos fashioned earth  
Clings helplessly unto a woman's breast;  
Godhead disguised in veils of human birth,  
Whom angels tend to do His high behest.  
Incarnate Love, past thought to comprehend!  
Frail hands that yet the cruel nails shall rend!

Divinely chosen, all earth's maids above,  
To Calvary to train God's footsteps weak,  
Sweet Mary! teach us by thy mother's love  
To walk with Him in spirit pure and meek.  
Our sins it was that earthward drew Him down,  
O win for us redemption's heavenly crown!

## CHRIST WITH US.

"Had we in Bethlehem been, when Mary came  
For shelter from the storm," we muse in pity,  
"Our homes had not been shut to her in shame,  
She had not been an outcast from the city."

"She had not passed forsaken and forlorn  
From kindred doors, an exile and a stranger;  
Her Babe in royal purple had been born,  
Nor lain among the oxen in the manger."

"On bended knees had many a worshipper  
On Christ, the King, in loyal love attended;  
And subject hands had offered gifts of myrrh  
And frankincense, and gold, and jewels splendid."

Nay, nay, for Christ is ever at our door,  
For shelter sweet and kindly pity pleading,  
And we—we only, like the blind of yore,  
Discern Him not, hard-hearted and unheeding.

With beggar hands He asketh us for alms,  
He pines upon the threshold of the palace.  
We know Him not, but scorn His outstretched palms,  
And, while He hungers, drink of plenty's chalice.



Daily we meet Him, seeking mercy sweet,  
With tender eyes of orphans, wan and wistful.  
He haunts us in the starveling of the street,  
Among the sad, the tearful, and the tristful.

For still He loves the lowly and the poor,  
And he who scorns in pride his outcast brother  
Had turned of old the Saviour from his door,  
And barred his gates upon His maiden Mother.

But ah! the crust, the cup of water cold,  
For Christ's sweet sake to whoso needeth given,  
Will yield us gain of grace a hundred-fold,  
With rich requital in the courts of heaven.

## WINTER.

Naked as is the wintry wood,  
My soul is in her wintry mood,  
Like leaves the cold wind whirleth by  
My withered hopes around me lie.

Gone is the bird whose golden tune  
Once in my heart made golden June;  
Then all my heart was as a rose  
In loveliness of joy that grows.

The wood will take new leaf in spring,  
But hope's new leaf can April bring?  
When April eves begin to burn  
Will love, my singing-bird, return?

## LOVE'S GIFT.

From thy dear eyes to win one sunny smile,  
Whose gleam might ransom worlds of wealth untold,  
Before thy feet his realm a king might pile,  
By Midas-touch transmuted into gold.

Ah, poor of purse, in vain I seek one gift  
Of fitting worth my fealty to prove;  
I cannot find one pearl in all my thrift  
To pay the priceless treasure of thy love.

But as beneath the jeweler's cunning art  
The carven stone becomes the costly gem,  
With lustre rare and incandescent heart  
To sparkle on a sovran's diadem;

So, day by day made perfect, I would fain  
Lay at thy feet a flawless life of good,  
Love's richest gift; to wear it thou might'st deign,  
O, first and fairest flower of womanhood!

## ADRIFT.

The sunset burns above,  
The river burns below ;  
Adrift together, love,  
Mid-heaven we seem to go.  
My pilot stars thine eyes,  
Upon a golden tide  
I drift away to Paradise  
With thee, sweetheart, beside.

Like rubies, flake on flake  
Drips from the drifting oar ;  
The golden ripples break  
Upon a golden shore.  
A golden moon above  
And golden stars that shine,  
And in thine eyes the light of love,  
A golden world is mine.

What matter if the gleam  
Shall melt from wave and sky?  
We've dreamed love's golden dream  
Together, you and I.  
Here where our fond lips meet,  
Within thy darling eyes  
My heart hath found, O dear and sweet,  
Its golden Paradise.

## THE VESPERS OF THE SLAIN.

A. D. 1580

In gray Cistercian robe and cowl, his feet with sandals  
shod,  
To shrive a dying sinner's soul, went Conal, priest of  
God;  
He went and left afar behind, 'mid garths of golden  
corn,  
St. Mary's abbey-towers, whose bells with music filled  
the morn.

His heart was sore within his breast, his head in  
grief was bowed.  
"Lord Jesu, save my little lambs!" he wept and  
prayed aloud;  
"Oh, save them from the Saxon wolves that range  
our land at large,  
And break into Thy fold and slay the shepherd and  
his charge."

He scarce had gone a league when to St. Mary's  
gates there rode  
A kern—beflecked with foam the frothing charger he  
bestrode—  
With white lips crying, where the monks were singing  
in their stalls,  
"Fly, fly! The Saxon soldiery are hard by Nenagh's  
walls!"  
88

Then spoke old abbot Brendan—his voice was firm  
and calm—

“Now God be praised, that in mine age He sends the  
martyr’s palm!

Fly, ye who will! but here within the sanctuary I’ll  
abide,

Content to suffer for the sake of Christ the crucified!”

Not one arose to quit the choir of all the brethren  
there,

But, clustering ’round the altar, knelt in softly-mur-  
mured prayer;

While, thundering on the abbey gates, the Saxon  
soldiers came

With curse and yell, and crypt and cell flashed into  
lurid flame.

The doors have yielded to the axe; they’ve gained the  
abbey church;

They’ve torn our Lady’s statue down and given it to  
the torch.

The abbot Brendan’s on his face, a sword hath cleft  
his head;

The monks are slain, the altar-steps with blood are  
running red.

Before the altar foot they lie, a ghastly, butchered  
pile,  
While to the Saxons' ribald shouts ring vaulted roof  
and aisle.  
And there is weeping of the wife and wail of ravished  
bride,  
As out of Nenagh's plundered town the red marauders  
ride.

But heavy-hearted o'er the fields the young monk  
Conal came,  
And through the golden gloaming marked the devast-  
ating flame,  
And smote his breast and sobbed aloud: "Thy will  
be done, O Lord!"  
And gained the church and saw the bloody havoc of  
the sword.

He kissed the abbot Brendan's wounds, he kissed his  
brethren all,  
While to the floor, like April rain, his bitter tears  
did fall.  
And at our Lady's broken niche he groaned on bended  
knee:  
"Oh, woe! that such a sacrilege within thy walls  
should be!"

“No more in this thy ruined shrine we’ll keep thy  
harvest feast,  
With psaltery and organ-peal and chant of holy priest.  
No more at matin or at eve shall vesper be or psalm;  
Yet, God be praised! my brethren all have won the  
martyrs’ palm!”

But what is this that greets his eyes? The chimes  
begin to ring.  
He sees the murdered monks arise; he hears them  
chant and sing.  
The steeple rocks unto the bells, the pealing organ  
plays,  
The solemn anthem round him swells, the altar tapers  
blaze.

He marks the halo on each brow, in every hand the  
palm;  
But sweeter notes salute him now and swell the vesper  
psalm.  
Angelic voices echo unto heavenly harp and lyre  
The deep-toned *Magnificat* that thrills the martyr-  
choir.

And—oh, the sight!—in blinding light, with face of  
beauty mild,  
Amid the band he sees her stand, the Mother with  
her Child—



The Virgin Mother of our Lord—her voice is low and sweet.

He veils his eyes, in ecstasy he falleth at her feet.

The chant is o'er, the martyred monks have sung their last *Amen!*

The music fades upon his ear, the vision from his ken;  
But far, afar, 'mid moon and star still echo harp and lyre,

While silent darkness settles down on cloister and on choir.

The silent darkness settles down and leaves him with the slain,

No light save where the moonlight falls upon the ruby pane,

The ruby pane whose blazonry of saint and cherubim  
Doth weave a nimbus for the dead beside the altar dim.

"O Jesu! Lord! the sainted dead within Thy love are safe!"

The young monk Conal kneels and prays, "but unto me vouchsafe,

That death may join me to my freres, who bear the martyrs' palm,

When life is run, before Thy throne to sing the victor's psalm."

## MAY EVE.

'Tis the last of April,  
All the land is green:  
Fill the pail and rake the hearth,  
And sweep the cottage clean;  
Rowan tree and sally  
Twine around the door,  
Blossoms of the valley  
Scatter on the floor.  
Buttercups and daisies  
Scatter on the floor;  
Evil cannot pass them  
At our cottage door.  
May the Virgin Mary  
And her little Son  
From the spell of fairy  
Shield us, every one!

'Ware of how you wander  
Where the haunted path  
In the meadow yonder  
Winds around the rath.  
Little steeds a-prancing,  
Cloaks of red and blue,  
Fairy folk are dancing  
There among the dew.

*MAY EVE*

Buttercups and daisies  
Scatter on the floor;  
Evil cannot pass them  
At the cottage door.  
May the Virgin Mary  
And her little Son  
From the spell of fairy  
Shield us, every one!

After sunset linger  
Not in Lisheen's fort;  
There the fairy finger  
Decks the fairies' court.  
Shemus Rua slept there  
'Neath the fairy thorn:  
Hale he was at "Angelus,"  
Hunchback in the morn.  
Buttercups and daisies  
Scatter on the floor;  
Evil cannot pass them  
At the cottage door.  
May the Virgin Mary  
And her little Son  
From the spell of fairy  
Shield us, every one!

Darling's in the cradle,  
Lullaby, asthore!  
Phooka, fay, or leprechaun  
Cannot cross our door.  
Fire and holy water,  
Elements of power,  
Shield my little daughter  
In this witching hour.  
    Buttercups and daisies  
    Scatter on the floor;  
    Evil cannot pass them  
    At our cottage door.  
    May the Virgin Mary  
    And her little Son  
    From the spell of fairy  
    Shield us, every one!

Is the fever burning  
On your baby's brow?  
Do you miss in churning  
Butter from the cow?  
Bind the garden sally  
Up above the door,  
Blossoms of the valley  
Scatter on the floor.

*MAY EVE*

Buttercups and daisies  
Scatter on the floor;  
Evil cannot pass them  
At the cottage door.  
May the Virgin Mary  
And her little Son  
From the spell of fairy  
Shield us, every one!

## THE OLD BOREEN.

Beneath the furnace-heat of noon  
The fervid city burns like brass—  
Oh, for a country day of June,  
Amid the buttercups and grass!  
But lo! the breath of violets sweet  
Salutes me from the vender's hand,  
And sudden, with enchanted feet,  
I'm wandering in fairyland.

The stately homes of traffic fade,  
The houses blossom into trees;  
The roar of mart and throb of trade  
Are symphonies of birds and bees.  
Subsides the thunder of the town,  
And hand in hand with fancy, lo!  
A blithe-heart boy I wander down  
The old boreen of long ago.

A-many a footstep there is heard—  
Slow cattle watched by whistling boys,  
That from its nest the brooding bird  
Affright with rude, intrusive noise;  
Or, when o'morns the mowers blithe  
Come trudging from the neigh'ring farms,  
O'er shoulders strong the clanging scythe,  
Their coats flung loosely on their arms.

Or it may be, with panniers twain  
Full of brown peat, a donkey jogs,  
Led leisurely by barefoot swain,  
Loitering homeward from the bogs;  
Or singing, with her pail of milk  
At eve will trip some village girl,  
A crimson kerchief of the silk  
O'er roguish eye and raven curl.

Or laden with the fragrant hay,  
To plodding horse and clacking wheel,  
Here some all-golden harvest day  
The farmer's cart will slowly steal;  
Or when the chapel-bell to Mass  
Summons the folk on Sunday morn,  
Here townward will the peasant pass  
With grave debate of rent and corn.

Dear lotus-land of long ago,  
Sweet, lost elysium, I'd give  
Whate'er of best life's triumphs show  
One golden hour to there relive.  
Ah city Sybarite! the town  
Can never teach her child the joy  
He feels, who heart-free wanders down  
The old boreen, a blithe-heart boy.

## LULLABY.

Lullaby, little one! linnets are sleeping  
In the green heart of the sycamore tree;  
Smile in thy sleep while thy mother is weeping,  
Lullaby, darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! spring and the swallow  
Hasten them hither from over the sea,  
Maybe a fonder one later may follow  
Home to my darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! over the billow  
Ne'er will my warrior hasten to me;  
Weird is the wail of the shivering willow  
By the wan river, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! deep in the meadow  
Fairies are ringing their blue bells for thee;  
Mother is sobbing in sorrow and shadow,  
Lullaby, darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! soon will the sorrow  
Dawn on thy heart in its innocence free;  
Wailing will come with the bitter to-morrow,  
Lullaby, darling, asthoreen machree.

Lullaby, little one! crooneth the river,  
Winds whistle down by the sorrowing sea;  
Warriors battle, but father will never  
Come to my darling, asthoreen machree.



## BRIAN BWEE.

The fair was over, the folk were flown,  
Brian Bwee walked home alone;  
Over the fields he followed the path,  
That winds away to the haunted rath.

Over the fields his way he kept,  
There in the moated rath he slept,  
Under the lonely fairy-thorn  
Such a sleep as he slept till morn!

Deep he lay in a dreamy bed,  
Downy pillows beneath his head.  
Round and round on magical feet  
Flew the fairies to fiddles sweet.

Wrinkled witches, old wizened chaps,  
Scarlet mantles and crimson caps,  
Silver buckles on tiny brogues,  
Such a laughter of little rogues!

Round and round while the pipers played,  
In and out, little man and maid,  
Golden tresses and kirtles green,  
Clown and courtier, and king and queen.

Up the middle and down again,  
Here and there to the witching strain,  
All night long, till the village cock  
Crowed at half-past three o'clock.

One, two, three!—and the weird spell broke;  
Brian Bwee from his sleep awoke,  
From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe,  
With the feet of the fairies black and blue.

Now in his chimney hob he sits,  
Robbed, they say, of his five wits,  
Old and feeble and sorry and sore,  
And he hears the music for evermore.

## THE DEAD MOTHER.

### A CONNAUGHT TRADITION.

There was no sound throughout the house,  
Either by rafter or by floor,  
No sound at all, save of the mouse  
That screeched behind the cupboard door.  
The mother in her grave did lie,  
Under the shamrocks on the hill ;  
Her two-weeks' babe began to cry  
At dead of night, when all was still.

Was that a footstep on the stair?  
The cross of Christ defend us all!  
Who comes with dew-drift on her hair,  
Clothed, head to foot, in funeral pall?  
O, Jesu! sad her face and sweet!  
But, where the moonlight soft did fall  
Athwart the casement at her feet,  
She made no shadow on the wall.

The filmy shroud that folded her  
From throat to foot was white as milk;  
Her girdle was as gossamer  
Woven of shuttle of the silk.

Her lover slept, she leaned o'er him  
And kissed his dreaming tears away,  
Then paused, a spectral shadow dim,  
Where, cradled soft, her baby lay.

She took the wee babe from its nest,  
She soothed it with a lullaby,  
And at the fountain of her breast  
She eased its bitter hunger cry.  
"O baby, baby! do not weep,  
Your crying reached me in the clay.  
Alanna! how can mother sleep,  
With baby wailing far away!"

The village dog begins to bark,  
The convent chime tolls three o'clock;  
The dawn is breaking red, and, hark!  
In distant farms crows loud the cock.  
She turns and lingers, fain to stay,  
She steals from cradle and from bed.  
Unto the hill she must away—  
May Christ have mercy on the dead!

## THE CRY OF THE GAEL.

O sons and daughters of the Gael!  
I heard your voices in my sleep;  
I heard your broken-hearted wail  
Surge upward from the world's wide deep.  
The dirges of your scattered hosts  
Came on the winds from many lands,  
Lamenting for your Erin's coasts  
With bleeding hearts and lifted hands.

I wake; that chant is in mine ears,  
That anguished litany of woe;  
Mine eyes are blind with burning tears  
That for my land's affliction flow!  
And as the shell with fairy tongue  
Far inland mourns its native foam,  
My heart on shores of exile flung  
Sobs, yearning to its island home.

And thou, Beloved, making moan  
Beside the brink of Time's dim sea!  
Sweet Mary of the nations, prone  
Upon thy centuried Calvary!  
Sad mother, crouching 'neath the cross!  
Look up! Thy Saviour hangs above;  
And through the darkness of thy loss  
Shines out the purpose of His love.

His heralds predilect, thy sons  
Subdue the nations to His word.  
They go not with the conqueror's guns  
Nor smite they with the tyrant's sword.  
Not theirs the lust of gold or greed  
Of power to shackle and enslave,  
But with the lamp of faith to lead  
Men upward to the truths that save.

Despair not! Grosser minds may grope  
Amid the spoils of mart and mine.  
Thine is the realm of light and hope,  
The empery of love divine.  
Where'er thy children's feet have trod  
Their stately sanctuaries rise,  
And round the world ascends to God  
The incense of their sacrifice.

The nations drawn from darkness bless  
Thee, sad, discrowned and desolate;  
But for earth's tyrants who oppress  
They drug the chalice of their hate.  
For Christ of crown and sceptre shorn!  
E'en now the clouds are backward rolled,  
And lo! Thy glad Assumption morn  
Resplendent dawns in skies of gold.

## THE DREAM-TRYST.

When purple shadows fold the earth  
And starry silence sits supreme,  
When chirps the cricket on the hearth,  
And o'er the world walks forth the dream ;  
Her sad eyes touched with feeling deep,  
Comes Memory and sits beside,  
And all the ghostly land of sleep  
With thy dear face is sanctified.

I range with thee the shadows dim,  
And drink of joy a little space—  
Such joy as feel the seraphim  
Before Our Blessed Lady's face.  
A little space, a heavenly while  
'Twixt dark and dawn, thou art mine own,  
Mine wholly ; but thy blessed smile  
Fades at the light and leaves me lone.

Ah, welcome night, that bringeth sleep !  
Beloved sleep, that brings the dream !  
How sweet it were that tryst to keep  
Forever by sad Lethe's stream !  
Come, purple shadows of the dusk,  
Come popped sleep from starry space,  
And when the woodbine breathes its musk  
To-night, oh bring me back her face !

## MY SAINT.

Madonna—ah, that it were mine to paint  
Her worth in words that compass praise—my saint,  
Divinely dowered with beauty, at whose feet  
My heart adoring mounts in worship sweet!

Before the benediction of her face  
Spontaneous blooms whate'er is best of good,  
Unconscious she with what unconscious grace  
She wears the jeweled crown of womanhood.

Of earth, yet bright with heaven's aureole,  
Before the virgin Eden of her soul  
Reserve's bright angel stands to warn afar  
Whatever thoughts of her unworthy are.  
Nor can things base abide the scorching light  
Of her ethereal spirit's splendor white.  
And, like to lilies, 'neath her quickening eyes  
Along her path pure aspirations rise.  
So, veiled in sweet humility, she lives,  
Unwitting all of all the joy she gives.

Her eager thoughts like couriers bright outrun  
Her hand that findeth joy in kindness done.  
And winged wishes dove-like round her move  
To do her little ministries of love.  
For 'tis her pleasure round about her feet

In spendthrift mood to scatter wide the seeds



Of graciousness that make the rude world sweet  
With liliated joy and rose of gentle deeds.  
Nor knoweth she that masked in her mild mien  
An angel walks, of her sweet self unseen.

No garish bloom in life's gay garden set,  
My shy, sweet flower of winsome womanhood;  
She blossoms like the lowly violet  
In dryad solitude of some dim wood.  
She woos not adulation like the rose,  
Nor flattery with the tulip's wanton tints,  
Yet never wind by her green cloister goes  
But by its sweetness of her presence hints.

High-privileged who doth her favor win  
And to her heart's dear shrine doth enter in;  
His sordid self consumed by holy fire,  
To purer realms his spirit doth aspire.  
His nobler heart ignoble purpose spurns,  
And with diviner flame his being burns.

Thrice blest am I since she hath on me laid  
With touch ennobling love's dear accolade;  
Supremely rich who hold from Heaven above  
The priceless jewel of my lady's love.  
Unworthy, God! of such dear gift, O grant  
I ne'er unto Thy trust be recreant,  
But guard it well with reverential awe  
In faultless faith and honor without flaw.

## THE SOLDIERS OF THE CELT.

Sweet Erin, long in sorrow bowed,  
Exult and lift thy drooping head!  
The trumpets of the West are loud  
To-day with praises of thy dead  
Who sleep with Freedom's stars for shroud,  
With glory's laurels garlanded.

Poor wanderer from thy distant isle,  
See where thine exile lies to-day,  
Shot down in Freedom's foremost file  
Where flamed the lightnings of the fray,  
Upon his dying lips the smile  
That blessed thee, mother! far away.

Their doom is thus since time began:  
The children of thy gallant race  
Have ever led the battle's van,  
Have forward set their eager face,  
Have ever for their brother man  
In danger's gap held honored place.

Oh, bitter, bitter is thy loss,  
Gray mourner by the golden sea!  
They fell in field and fort and fosse  
For others; thee they might not free!  
God rest them, where 'neath stone or cross  
Their lonely burial places be!

More dear, perhaps, an Irish grave  
With shamrocks swathed from head to feet;  
But in the sod where comrades brave  
Have hollowed him his winding sheet,  
Who died to free his fellow slave  
His slumber April will make sweet.

Beneath the palm tree let him rest  
Where o'er him moans the tropic dove!  
His soul is happy with the blest  
Who wear God's amaranths above,  
His body lieth in the west,  
But thou, sweet Erin, hast his love!

The above lines were suggested by the report of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, who, commissioned by President McKinley to identify the graves of the American dead on the battlefield of San Juan in Cuba, found that the nearest grave to the Spanish lines was that of Michael Daly, a private of the Seventy-first New York Regiment. "An Irishman by birth, an American by adoption," said the rude cross that his comrades had made on his grave from an old biscuit box.

## THE TEST.

Three singers, met together, strove  
For mastery. "Who singeth best  
Of passion, prowess, faith or love,  
The richest recompense shall test!"

One struck his harp and clear and loud  
He sang a song of battle bold.  
A sunburnt soldier in the crowd  
Flung high his hat and gave him gold.

The second sang a soothing song  
Of love in accents sweet and wild.  
A lover, listening in the throng,  
Hung breathless on his harp and smiled.

A song of faith deceived the third  
Sang low, and, as his chords he swept,  
A broken-hearted woman heard,  
And tears of tender pity wept.

Then said the other twain: "Behold!  
The latest singer singeth best;  
For guerdon we have smiles and gold,  
But he hath woman's tears for test!"

## THE IRISH BRIGADE.

SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-1901.

God give them rest, in duty's van who died!  
No more for them by Irish lake or rill  
Shall flame the gold torch of the daffodill.  
No more for them where Irish rivers glide  
Shall kingcups blossom, or the primrose pied  
Star Irish glen when over Irish hill  
Green Ireland's throstle flutes at evening still  
And May her hawthorn wreath wears like a bride.

Sad hearts there be in many an Irish field  
At orphan'd hearths with tears of pride shall tell  
How staunch they stood when battle thunders pealed,  
With what heroic constancy they fell,  
Their boast sublime: "We kept dear Honor's shield  
Unsullied and we did our duty well!"

## ROCHAMBEAU.

Despairing 'neath the foot of despot Might  
Our country lay, her glorious cause undone.  
France heard her moan and sent her gallant son.  
He raised anew the banner of the right,  
His oriflamme beside it blazing bright.  
His falchion flashed o'er fields for Freedom won;  
Peace smiled and with God-given Washington  
Linked in our love Rochambeau, Freedom's knight.

No need has he of monumental bronze  
His golden claim of gratitude to plead.  
No sculptured marble can his fame enhance.  
His deathless deeds defy oblivion's  
Erasive hand. In them let all men read  
The debt we owe his generous mother, France.

## GETTYSBURG.

The violet blows, and hark! in yonder wood  
The robin flutes his pensive roundelay,  
Hard by, whereon that fateful summer day  
Rock-like in strength the country's lovers stood,  
Stemming the tide of battle at its flood.

And lo! where, spent and broken, ebb'd away  
The last long billows of the sea of Gray,  
The wild rose blossoms red from patriot blood.

God rest their souls! Heartache or scalding tears  
We grudge them not, nor rain of weeping eyes,  
If, haply quickened from their fruitful seed  
Blood-sown, shall burgeon in the coming years,  
In hour of need—should any need arise—  
For freedom such another warrior breed.

## POTTER'S FIELD.

Poor outcasts! In this sad, secluded spot,  
Unknown, unnamed, unepitaphed they lie,  
At rest beneath God's hospitable sky  
Who to the dregs have drained life's bitter lot.  
Forgot of men, them June forgetteth not,  
But keepeth aye in reverent memory,  
And, pausing as her gracious feet go by,  
With wild flowers heaps their lonely burial plot.

Earth's proudest monarchs have no more than they—  
Peace after strife, oblivion and dust  
With spring's impartial blossoms strewn above.  
All journey to death's caravanserai;  
But well for whoso lieth down, in trust  
To wake and find a Father's tender love.



## INSPIRATION.

An organ thrilling in cathedral glooms,  
A song chance-heard, a robin's roundelay,  
A kiss, a clasp of hands, a sprig of spray,  
A sudden waft of meadow-land perfumes,  
An old name graven in a place of tombs,  
In winter-land a flower of spring astray,  
A face remembered after many a day,  
A bridal bell, a funeral with plumes :

Trifles, you say? But in the poet's heart  
They set strange rhymes a-ringing, till, behold!  
Well hewn beneath the master's cunning hand,  
Touch unto touch and perfect part to part,  
Finer than Phidian stone or statued gold,  
His gradual-shapen dreams of beauty stand!

## MIRIAM.

Oft as I see her pace the busy street  
Or rainbow-gay bazaar, her raven hair  
A rippling darkness over shoulders fair,  
With downcast eyes and smile demurely sweet,  
Purity's self with dainty-slippered feet  
Thridding the market like a silent prayer,  
Or guerdoning with sweetly solemn air  
The grave salaam of reverent eyes that greet,

I call to mind that maiden of her race,  
Immaculate, unblemished, free of sin.  
E'en so, methinks, went Mary to and fro;  
E'en so she walked with hallowing steps of grace,  
Favored of God amid her kith and kin,  
In that blest Nazareth of long ago.

## LOVE'S SWEET PETITIONER.

Close-cloistered in the virgin solitude  
Of her pure heart such maiden thoughts abide  
(Like vestals meek in convent sanctified,)   
That word of mine too wanton were and rude  
Within its precinct holy to intrude.  
So Love pines, dumbfound, at her door, denied  
By blushes that with mute reproaches chide  
The words that fain its worship would denude.

But thou knowest all, O little violet,  
I send to be Love's sweet petitioner ;  
Perchance in her soft bosom to be set,  
And, there emparadised upon the stir  
Of her dear heart or in her loose hair's jet,  
To whisper all that I would fain to her.

## PAN OR CHRIST?

### I.

*Great Pan is dead, and Nature's heart is sore.*

*Great Pan is dead, and fauns lamenting weep;  
The dryads in salt tears their tresses steep  
And nymphs complain by Cythera's shore.*

*On mellow reeds Sicilian lads no more*

*Shall hear him pipe unto their browsing sheep,  
Nor bronzed reapers startle him asleep  
Where popped wheat his slumber whispers o'er.*

*Great Pan is dead! Ah, foolish we, who voice*

*The shrill despair that shook the pagan world,  
When Athens bent to lowly Bethlehem!*

*Nay, rather should our ransomed race rejoice*

*That demon gods to hell were downward hurled  
When Love's foot trampled Hatred's diadem.*

### II.

*Great Pan is dead! laments the sensual lute*

*That fain would echo gross Hellenic loves,  
Or thrill with Juno's worship or with Jove's,  
And deify in man the satyr brute.*

*Great Pan is dead, and laughter's lips are mute  
For Aphrodite and her silver doves!*

*Ah, carnal crowd! that in Circean groves  
To David's harp prefers the Doric flute!*

The gods Olympian of old Greece are gone ;  
Their graven marbles moulder in the dust.  
But Christ hath builded in the Christian heart  
A statelier shrine than templed Parthenon.  
There Beauty dwells and art sublimed o'er lust  
Pays homage due—true end of noblest art.

## IN MEMORIAM.

REV. STEPHEN JOSEPH PERRY, S.J., F.R.S., F.R.A.S.

(DIED OFF THE ISLE OF SALUT IN H. M. S. *Comus*, DEC.  
27, 1889, WHILE IN CHARGE OF THE BRITISH  
ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO OBSERVE THE  
TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, DEC. 22, 1889.)

Dead! and he lieth not in English land,  
With English blossom garlanding his rest,  
Soothed by the low sweet requiem of the west.  
But alien waves lament on alien strand  
The gentle sage of great Loyola's band.  
Yet death to him was sweet at duty's 'hest,  
And aye he deemed the Master's will the best,  
So passed in peace, with crucifix in hand.

Now April, with the primrose in her hair,  
Breathes verdure over all his English North.  
The chaffinch chirpeth vainly in the croft  
For him who found God's every creature fair.  
Ah, bird and bloom! the Master has gone forth  
By starry pathways to his home aloft.

## IRELAND.

1902.

### I.

Discrowned, despoiled, for Christ accounted vile;  
For Christ's sweet sake of liberty bereft;  
Mocked, scourged, thy heart like Christ's with  
sorrow cleft;  
No wanton favorite of fortune's smile,  
Still Honor bides with thee, O martyr isle!  
Else ravished by red hands of robber theft.  
Yea, in thy heart to Honor still is left  
A sanctuary and a domicile!

The nations slumber, lethargied in greed,  
Ignobly mute while murder's dagger drips  
With patriot blood and Freedom's heart is rent  
Where Africa's stanch-hearted burghers bleed.  
But, hark! God's thunder, pealing from thy lips  
For justice, shakes the tyrant's Parliament.

### II.

Sole champion thou and witness of the right,  
Thy generous heart sublimed o'er selfish aim  
Alone redeems humanity from shame.  
The torch of truth by thee uplifted bright

Burns star-like in our gross, material night.  
Thou vestal art of freedom's altar-flame,  
And proudly thou in fair unblemished fame  
Dost keep unsoiled thy robe's baptismal white.

Oh, rich at last shall be thy faith's reward,  
The guerdon of thy loyalty and love.  
Though God's decrees are dark to mortal ken  
For thee endures the promise of the Lord:  
*Who Me denies shall be denied Above;*  
*Confessed who Me confesses before men.*

*"When it was intimated to them (the Irish Parliamentary Party) that they had but to uphold the war in South Africa and all their demands for their own country would be granted, there was never a grander spectacle presented to the world than the refusal of these Irish patriots to get justice at the price of doing injustice to others. Even the bravery of the Boers does not equal such bravery. They value liberty, but they value it so highly that they would not purchase it at the price of destroying the liberty of others. England could send policemen to drag them from their seats in the House of Parliament, but they could not drag them from their devotion to civilization."*—HON. WM. BOURKE COCKRAN, in the *New York Academy of Music*, Feb. 16, 1902.



## THE BRIDAL OF MICHAELMAS EVE.

In Dublin burg by Dublin bay  
The ruthless Sitric reigns ;  
The haughty lords of Leinster pay  
Him tribute of their plains.

A thousand vikings throng his deck,  
A thousand ply the sword ;  
A thousand berserks do his beck  
From Norland firth and fiord.

Oh, woe for Wales, when on her coasts  
His raven flag appears !  
And woe for Britain when his hosts  
Are out with reddened spears !

The plunder of a thousand shrines  
Is in his galley's hold ;  
His keels are crammed with Gascon wines,  
His coffers clogged with gold.

Iona rues his robber bark,  
And rifled church and fane  
The passage of his pillage mark  
From Thulè unto Spain.

And there is fear in fort and fosse  
By Scotland's sunset seas,  
When burst his pirate prow across  
The stormy Hebrides.

But dearer far than all his ships  
From Shetland to the South  
To him are Lady Blanid's lips,  
The blossom of her mouth—

The mouth of Blanid, young and fair,  
The child of Malachi;  
The virgin lily of the mere  
Is not more pure than she.

Her hair is like the golden fern,  
Her throat the torrent's spray;  
Her eyes are like the mountain tarn,  
So deep and dark are they.

And Sitric he hath sworn, alas!  
By Wodin and by Thor  
To wed the maid ere Michaelmas,  
Or plunge her plains in war.

And to her bower on foaming barb  
Hath galloped Sitric's thrall,  
And bade the maid in bridal garb  
Attend the tyrant's hall.

And in her train a hundred girls,  
The flower of beauty sweet,  
To wed a hundred Norland earls,  
The captains of his fleet.

St. Michael's Eve! In Sitric's tower  
The revel roareth high;  
But there is woe in Blamid's bower,  
A tear in Blamid's eye.

"Now save me, by our plighted troth!"  
She prays the prince of Meath.  
And he hath thrust in reddest wrath  
A dagger in its sheath.

And all in bridal robes arrayed,  
With brooch and torque and pearl,  
In shrewd disguise of timid maid,  
Hath gone to meet the Earl.

A hundred youths as damsels drest,  
The comeliest in the land,  
Each with a dagger in his breast,  
Have hied them in his band.

"Oh great Archangel militant!"  
To Michael thus they pray,  
"The strength of God unto us grant  
To strike at wrong to-day!"

"Our shrines and hearths are brought to shame  
Beneath the tyrant's lust.  
Dishonored damosel and dame  
Weep with their heads in dust!"

The feast is set; the goblets shine;  
In jeweled horn and cup  
The mead is bubbling, and the wine  
Brims every beaker up.

The mighty wassail fires his brain:  
Earl Sitric in his pride  
Hath bade his bards begin a strain  
Of welcome to his bride.

"Our Norland maids are fresh and sweet,  
But who hath Blamid's charms?"  
Earl Sitric leapeth from his seat  
To clasp her in his arms.

Earl Sitric leapeth in his lust  
To clasp the Prince of Meath—  
In his black heart the dagger's thrust  
Hath found a bloody sheath.

The rafters ring with shriek and yell,  
The tables rock and reel.  
'Gainst Danish mail the hate of hell  
Doth ply the Irish steel!

The wine is spilt, the banquet hall

With blood is reeking red.

The bridal is a burial

With none to mourn the dead.

In Dublin burg by Liffey side

The bells at morn ring loud :

The Prince of Meath hath won a bride,

Earl Sitric but a shroud.

## HOMeward.

When in infant bud  
Lay life's flower unfolden,  
Thou, O Lord! of good  
Gifts didst give me golden.

Placed his heart in mine—  
Gift exceeding measure,  
Dowery divine  
Of Thy Godhead's treasure.

Now from out my hand  
Love that Thou hast lended  
Straightway to demand  
Comes Thine angel splendid.

Hark! his awful tread,  
And his pinions trailing!  
See! his aureoled head  
Lights the house of wailing!

'Tis mine hour of dole;  
Pity me, O Mary!  
On his trembling soul  
Jesu Miserere!

If I draw grief's breath,  
I am only human.  
Reconciled to death  
Ne'er was man or woman.

Never fled above  
Soul from fond soul grieving  
But rebellious love  
Questioned the bereaving.

Death's bright angel yet  
Never summoned mortal,  
But some eye was wet  
At the grave's dark portal.

Home, if home he must,  
Home to Thee, O Father!  
From his sacred dust  
Lilies shall we gather.

From the dust we love  
Faith and Hope upspringing,  
Lift our hearts above,  
Comfort to us bringing.

Gentle was my dear,  
Soul of stainless splendor;  
Therefore, all the year  
Tend him, all things tender!

Yea, for sure I know  
Where his dust reposes  
Violets will blow  
And the summer's roses.

There shall April come  
To her gentle lover,  
And the gold bees hum  
Where the flowers bend over.

Close to him shall creep  
Crickets in the grasses,  
Singing to his sleep  
Golden midnight masses.

And in heaven above  
Larks shall warble o'er him:  
"Safe with Christ, our Love,  
Weep not nor deplore him!"



KATHERINE TEGAKWITA—THE LILY OF  
THE MOHAWKS.

1656-1680.

By pagan passions undefiled,  
The stainless lily of her race,  
Amid the Mohawk's sylvan wild  
Bloomed Katherine, the flower of grace.  
Than she no sweeter blossom breathes  
Its odor on the winds of spring;  
Meet for the coronal that wreathes  
The royal brows of Christ, the King.

Hushed is the war-whoop of the brave,  
His conquerors tread the trails he knew;  
No more upon the Mohawk's wave  
Sweeps battleward his swift canoe,  
But 'mid wild rose and goldenrod,  
In paths that knew her virgin feet,  
The fragrance of the Flower of God  
Still haunts the forest, heavenly sweet.

As pure as is the lucent pearl  
That lurks beneath the purple tide,  
Christ saw and loved the Indian girl  
And chose her for His heavenly bride.  
For high espousals set apart,  
Betrothed by privilege divine,  
She nestles on her Bridegroom's heart,  
Where round His throne the seraphs shine.





